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καὶ σοφῆς καὶ Μουσῆς καὶ Ἀγλῆς

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THE MILTONIC SATAN.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY C. VAN RENSSELAER, JR., OF BURLINGTON, N. J.

THE poems of Chaucer had long been known to the literary world, the beautiful romance of the Fairy Queen was familiar to every learned Englishman, the incomparable plays of Shakespeare had obtained, for their author, the undisputed laurels of dramatic victory, and Bacon, in his *Novum Organum*, had destroyed the Aristotelic theory of philosophy, when, in 1667, the *Paradise Lost* of John Milton was given to the world. He was preceded by a series of poets, who had attained the highest distinctions of literary fame. Shakespeare was the poet of the passions and of nature, the exquisite truth and fidelity of Chaucer's portraitures from real life could not be surpassed, and Spenser was the mighty wizard, who waved but his wand, and a new world sprang into existence, inhabited by nothing, but the marvellous and the wild. But Milton's *Paradise Lost* towers above all these, an intellectual pyramid, whose base is founded upon the noblest and holiest religion of man, whose summit is lost in the clouds with which his imagination clothed the productions of his mind. But it is not the poem, as a whole, of which we now wish to treat, but one of the characters, which is there introduced to our notice. As the spectator stood before the Parthenon, admired the massive structure, he gazed with awe upon that beautiful monument of antiquity, constructed with all the rules of classic art, beautiful even now in its desolation; when he examined it in detail, he was strongly impressed with a sense of the

superior genius of the architect : the pillars, the dome, the architrave, the frieze, alike demanded his admiring eye, and passed through, without detriment, the ordeal of his scrutiny. Thus the critic, when contemplating the *Paradise Lost*, considered as a whole, admires its sublimity, its elegance, and its beauty ; thus, when viewing one of its component parts, he cannot contemplate without a corresponding admiration, the character of Satan, or study, without astonishment, the qualities that distinguish him. There are two lights in which we may examine this subject : the first is, as the embodiment of evil ; the second, as a creation of the imagination.

It has been said that "the Miltonic Satan" is one of the grandest studies of poetry, but there is a heroic grandeur in it, which wins, do what you will, a human sympathy," and, in confirmation of this position, is quoted that celebrated passage in the first Book, where the peerage of Pandemonium, circling around their chief, awaited, in silence, the counsel of his voice.

"Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth."

It is from such a representation, which Milton has given of Satan, that the religious feelings of some revolt, and they would transform the sublime and exalted conception of the Apostate Angel in the cynical and leering Mephistopheles, or it may be, sink it into the level of the contemptible and hateful Asmodeus. They condemn his bold and poetical handling of the Satanic character—instead of allowing his muse to soar in the boundless realms of imagination, they would confine it to things "which are of the earth, earthy," forgetting that, to such a mind as Milton's, this seemed the proper personification of all that is wicked and bad. The character of Milton was particularly distinguished for loftiness of thought. The peculiar distinguishing feature of his poetry is its sublimity. The sublime is reached by other poets, when they excel themselves, and hover, for a time, in unusual brightness ; but it is Milton's native region. When he descends, it is to meet the greatness of others ; when he soars, it is to reach heights unattainable by any but himself. This quality of his mind pre-eminently appears in his personification of Satan ; and, to such a mind, the idea of evil resolves itself into all that is grand, rugged and colossal, and finds itself embodied in the chief of the lost. The energies of Milton were innate ; he relied on no one for support ; his own exalted mind was his only helper, and trusting to it, he has portrayed to us Satan as he thought he was. Milton was a christian as well as a poet. He was

no Puritan and yet he was not a Cavalier; in his person the noblest qualities of each party were combined. From the former he learned to revere his Maker and to keep his eye unwaveringly fixed on the future reward of the Christian; from the latter he acquired his love for the beautiful, his fondness for literature and his chivalrous admiration for honor and virtue. Eikonoclastes and Il Penseroso were the productions of one brain, and the same hand that wrote *L'Allegro* penned also "A Defence for the people of England." It surely then would be unreasonable to suppose that the author of the Hymn on the Nativity would err in his personification of evil, or would convey an impression of the fallen archangel, which would shock the feelings of the most fastidious and conscientious christian. Moreover we are not certain that the delineation of the Satanic character, which is given in *Paradise Lost*, is a wrong one, even if it is considered in a strictly moral point of view. Should Milton represent as a cringing, scoffing fiend him, who roused up the angels of heaven to rebel against their Maker, who himself headed their ranks, and stood front to front with the Omnipotent? Would such a character as this personify our idea of him, who rules with absolute sway the army of the lost, who sits without a rival on the throne of hell, and governs, at will, his terrible offspring Sin and Death? Mankind should be taught to fear their implacable enemy, not to despise him, to dread his influence as a thing to be shunned, not as that which they can, at any moment, throw off. Milton was a careful reader of the Bible, and he probably got his ideas of Satan there. In it he is called the Prince of Darkness, the Angel of the bottomless pit, the Prince of the power of the air: we there learn that he was cast down from heaven for *pride*, that he has a mighty number of principalities and powers under his command, that, by the permission of God, he exercises government over his subordinates, over apostate angels, like himself, and, in the Apocalypse, that arch-angels were his foes, and angels formed the army arrayed against him. These appellations and details do not convey to us the conception of a jeering, sneering skeptic, who does not dare to show his face, but of a proud and lofty spirit, engaged in an eternal warfare, with the Most High, for the soul of man, yet, at the same time, crafty, subtle and intriguing, ever on watch for the slightest inconsistency, and ever ready to turn it to his own advantage—a being superior to man in every respect—a spirit, whose intellectual massiveness is only equalled by his moral obliquity. Let us then have the Satan of Milton rather than the Mephistopheles of Goethe, the fallen son of the morning, in

preference to the fiend, who tempted Faust for a few short years of pleasure to barter away his soul.

But Satan is not represented throughout the whole of *Paradise Lost* as one, who should claim our pity and excite our admiration. A character in a poem, as well as the poem itself, ought not to be judged by isolated passages, but should be viewed in all its bearings and in every light, then, and not till then, should judgment be pronounced upon it. The critic who finds fault with the creation of Satan, as unfolded from one or two quotations, will succeed as the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he was about to sell his house, carried a brick in his hand as a specimen.

If, in one place, he is represented as a haughty, indomitable spirit, resisting in unconquerable pride, the Eternal God, in another we find him

"Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish arts, to reach
The organs of her fancy."

If in the first Book he is described,

"With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood."

in the tenth we read that he saw

His arms clung to his sides; his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted, down he fell,
A monstrous serpent, on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain."

If we behold him seated upon the throne of Hell, with defiance written on his brow, and a lip compressed with haughty pride, we see him soon quivering with the throes of pain, tossing upon the lake of burning marl, his features distorted by anguish and he himself consumed by an hidden fire, from which there is no relief. If in one passage we pity the Apostate Angel, and weep that a spirit so noble has fallen so low, in another we despise the incarnate fiend, and wonder that such a being should even have been one of those who

"Circle the throne, rejoicing."

The character of Satan is a mixture of pride and of deceit, of open hostility and of concealed malignity, of contemptuous defiance and of devilish hypocrisy—in him there is a union of all that is grand, terrible and fearful in evil, with all that is mean, despicable and mali-

cious. Addison, in his celebrated critique upon *Paradise Lost*, notices not at all the undevilish (if we may so call it) character of Satan, nor at all comments upon him save as a poetical conception; and, if Milton ought to be censured for his creation of Satan, as not being a fit embodiment of evil, Addison was the proper person to do it, who with a polished and refined taste, possessed the critical qualities of a profound scholar and the unassuming humility of a devout Christian. He does indeed make a slight allusion to this subject, but it is a very slight one. In No. 303 of the *Spectator* he says, "Amidst those impieties, which this enraged spirit utters in other places of the poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity; and *incapable of shocking a religious reader.*"

When viewed as the production of the imagination, the effect of a poetical mind, the Miltonic Satan stands forth as one of the most stupendous and awful creations of poetry, resembling the spectre seen on the summit of the Brocken, gigantic in his appearance, and dim in configuration, the outlines only of whose form are obscurely seen, shrouded in impenetrable mystery. Milton lived in the age of Puritans and Cavaliers, of theologians and philosophers, and it was his aim to please both—not that he dreaded the opinion of either—as a man he was above such fear, but as a poet it was his object to blind the eyes of both, and lead their imagination captive. In this he succeeds where no other man would. He leaves the whole in uncertainty and doubt, and communicates his meaning by ideas, which are associated with each other, intimating that which he wishes to be expressed. "He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his heaven to make out his melody." In the examination of this subject as a creation of the imagination, let us compare the other prominent examples of the Satanic element in literature with the Fiend of Milton, and see in what he excels, or, it may be, wherein he is inferior to the others.

Dante, in the 34th canto of his *Vision in Hell*, beholds Lucifer, standing forth at mid breast from the ice, his black banners before him, and a cloud of night around him. He has three faces, one of anger, one of envy, the third of dark melancholy. Mighty wings shoot forth from his shoulders, larger than any sails upon the ocean. He flaps them, and cold winds issue forth, wherewith Cocytus is frozen to its depth; while, from his six eyes,

"the tears

Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam."

The Satan of Milton is a higher flight of genius; like the weird

sisters in Macbeth, or the witches in the Tempest it is supernatural. In the Divine Comedy Lucifer is described with such accuracy and minuteness of detail that the reader can almost see his form before him. In *Paradise Lost*, on the contrary, Satan is vast, vague and of indefinable shape—a conception not a form of matter—which

“dilated stood

Like Teneriffe, or Atlas, unremoved :

His stature reached the sky, and on his crest

Sat Horror plum'd.”

Dante was picturesque, without being mysterious ; Milton was both. The Lucifer of the former has an interest, but not such as a supernatural agent ought to excite, partaking too much of the nature of men ; while the Satan of the latter, though bearing, in character as well as form, a dim resemblance to man, is swelled to gigantic dimensions and “veiled in mysterious gloom.”

The Mephistopheles of Goethe has nothing in common with the Satan of Milton. He is the creation of the dramatic, not of the epic poet. The scenery and conduct in *Faust* belong to one sphere, the earth ; but Satan's reign is in Hell, and he rules an army of fallen angels ; he exists in open hostility to the Eternal God, and in avowed defiance of all his plans. In the guise in which Goethe introduces Mephistopheles, a great difference can be seen in the mode of treating the principle of evil, and that followed by Milton. Milton represents Satan as an angel of light, fallen from his high position through pride and haughtiness, endeavoring to disturb the glorious creation of the Supreme Being. Goethe, on the other hand, adheres to the character whose ground work is in the Book of Job, according to which Satan, or the Devil, forms one of the Lord's Host, not as a rebel against his will, but as a powerful tempter, authorized and appointed as such.

Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, was eloquent, sagacious and inimitable of purpose, pre-eminent in every talent which upholds or destroys nations. He coped with destiny, and read in the stars, his horoscope, and moved onward to its fulfillment regardless of the ruin, which followed in his task. Talleyrand made men his tools, and played them according to his will. His features were covered by mask within mask. When the outer disguise of apparent affectation was removed, you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man ; and, by a profound duplicity, retained his place alike under the empire of Napoleon and the monarchy of the Bourbon. Stafford was more like Satan. Talleyrand like Mephistopheles. Mephistopheles tempts man and laughs at his victory over human weakness. Satan copes with God, and by

the vigor of his oratory, rouses up the myriads of hell against the Omnipresent in arms.

We find the prototype of Milton's Satan in the Jove—despising Prometheus, with his adamant will, unmoved amidst the flashing and lightning of Olympian earth. Æschylus delighted in representing those dark powers of a primitive nature, those heroes of the old mythology, to whose primeval birth Jupiter and the descendants of Saturn were the creatures of a day.

The vast Titan, chained to the rock beneath which rolled the Rivers of Hell, holds in his possession the secret, whereon rests the fate of his foe; and, whether silent in the energy of his will, or foretelling the future to the condoling sea nymphs and to the wandering Io, still bears up against the implacable vengeance of Jove, until both rock and prisoner are swallowed up in the abyss; Hades itself trembling as it receives the fierce and unbending god. There are qualities common to Prometheus and Satan, but still they materially differ. They both have the same abominable spirit, mingled with the same stubborn resistance and hatred of restraint. Each has some lenient and courageous feeling, though differing much in proportion. Prometheus has too many of the pains and emotions of wants to be as awful as the Fiends of Milton. He is chained to the rock with fetters of iron, but he laments too much his cruel fate, seeming to place his reliance wholly upon his own knowledge, that he holds in his power the secret on which rests the throne of Jove. "But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The right of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived of without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Our time will not now permit us to dwell upon the subject, which of the two is the more sublime, but we leave it for each one to judge for himself.

The heroes of Byron and Bailey have nothing of that charm, which is so fascinating in Satan and Prometheus. Byron reflects in Lucifer that morbidness of disposition, which is the characteristic feature of all his heroes, Don Juan perhaps excepted. He has made him a concave mirror, where every deformity of his own mind is intensified and exaggerated beyond nature. We see in his Lucifer the effects of an imagination polluted by vice and of a temper embittered by misfortune.

Bailey, in his Festus, has so far forgotten the character he is sketching as to give to his devil properties which are not diabolical. He falls in love in one place, in another tells his incubinate imps that they do not earn enough to pay for the fire that burns them. He

loses all distinction between the moral and the intellectual, and finally completes the category of his defects by making the Deity and the Devil to be one. But when we view Satan as a spirit striving against the righteous doom of an irresistible God, borne up by a despairing though stubborn will, and resting on his innate energies for support, he finds no parallel in literature. He cannot be compared by a reference to any other poetical conception of evil, for with whom is he to be compared ?

" He has no brother, is like no brother,
He is himself alone."

The motions of Milton's mind were slow and solemn, like the planets ; but repulsion not attraction, was the law of his intellect ; he moved on in solitary majesty, and the thoughts which thronged his brain and were bodied forth by his imagination, are unequalled in moral sublimity and in intellectual grandeur. The Peerage of Pandemonium are met together for consultation. The infernal palace of Dis is lighted up with the lurid flame that arises from the lakes of fire. The seats of the Satanic senators are dimly seen through the sulphurous cloud of smoke that continually rolls up from the burning marl. Sheva the black destroyer of the bud, answers for himself. Prometheus, the Satanic heaven-hater is there. The Emperor of Dante sends a blast from his mighty wings to announce his presence. Mephistopheles takes his place, bowing to the right and left with the most polite urbanity. The Lucifer of Byron stalks in, with his features shrouded in misanthropy. Moloch, Belial, Apollyon, and all the devils of romance, tradition and poetry, fill the hall. But the highest seat of all remains unoccupied. Suspense reigns in the abyss ! Their mighty leader is not there ; but soon " far off his coming shines," and Satan the self-elected ruler of all, strides proudly on to the vacant throne ! No contest for speaker is needed now, no struggle for the kingship none dare speak, until the fallen Son of Morning rises to address them ;

" He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower ; his form had not yet
Lost all its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured."

"OH! FOR THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

As the reader lays aside the book, in which he glowed over the stirring wars, brilliant victories and jovial hospitality of former ages, to return to the vexatious cares of this present life discontentedly exclaims, "Oh! for the good old times." So, also, exclaims the adventurous youth, listening to the tales of his grandsire, "as he shouldered his crutch and shows how fields were won." So the sportsman, when he reads of the hunters of old England. So the man who declares this age to be mushroom in growth, corrupt and deceptive, as opposed to the strength, durability, taste and piety of by-gone years, and who tauntingly asks where are our Miltons, Shakespeares and Bacons. So each one of us, when we exult in the glory of our ancestry, as if shedding a halo over our deeds, and making them glorious and commendable. Analogous to this almost universal feeling, is that longing of manhood for the return of its boyhood days. A careless observer of human nature might imagine this to be one of the mysteries of man's constitution. That a man with his powers developed should look longingly back, should desire to recall and meditate upon that part of his existence when he was helpless and ignorant, seems to such a one inexplicable. Yet what more natural than, when man's capacities have become developed, beyond what this earth can supply, that he should feel an aching void; than, when he has risen to an experience of its insufficiency, hypocrisy and derangement should long for that time when he was innocent, happy and contented.

This is merely a particular instance in itself of this desire of the present for the past.

Vexed with the trifling anxieties of life, we look upon it shrouded in all the glory of legends and pictured by the rich imagination of poets. The distance lends enchantment to the view, by dissolving the petty cares of ordinary private life in the glories of kings, the splendors of royalty and magnificent paraphernalia of government; so that the past seems to be populated only by kings and heroes, poets and orators. Men of low origin and mean circumstances are ushered into the scene only when they have become influential or famous for some important action. The poets only select those incidents which they can exalt above a "middle flight." Historians leave much of the affairs of the great to be supplied by our "castle building" imaginations. It deals with the grand and controlling characteristics. The mass only are brought in the back ground, except when swayed or im-

pressed by some universal feeling. We see in history the developing of systems, the unraveling of plots, and the beauty and nicety of providence running through the whole, and all arranged and brought forth by superior minds. Thus historians and poets labor to adorn the past, with all their wealth. No wonder then that men, especially the mass, should long for those "good old times."

Is there a battle which mismanagement or ignorance loses ? How the reader longs to have been there to correct with his judgment matured by time, and cultivated by experience. How he longs to interpose for some favorite, to add his shout for the victor, to utter his defiance at the tyrant, when emboldened by the absence of danger.

This charm of the past becomes more potent from the practice of moderns taking their models of strength, beauty and taste from the ancients. From them the statesman draws his wisdom, the poet his materials ; the orator his beauties ; the scholar his studies. No wonder then, that we should have a great veneration for them.

We sit, as it were, in a theatre. The magnificent curtain hangs before us. On it are woven by historians, the grand scenes of the past. The glittering spears mingle with the prancing horses, victorious armies, returning conquerors, good old baronial wassails, and mysterious religious rites mingle with the dust of ages, in rich confusion. The uncultivated mind gazes in delight, and longs for such times to return. But the educated man satiated with the view, as the reader in his reflective moments, commands the curtain to rise, when upon the immeasurable stage of the past, marches in grand soldiery tread the generations gone. The magnitude is sublime, the richness, beauty and variety of the scene are entrancing, the increasing, mystery as the ranks dim in the distance is as solemn bewildered judgment flies away, and enraptured fancy lingers sole spectator of the prospect. But soon familiarity brings back judgment, he follows the actors behind the scenes, and lo ! victories have their inglorious defeats, pride its shame ; and baronial wealth its impoverished tenantry. Human nature is the same everywhere, and at all times. Yet even this catastrophe of the drama does not cease his longing, though discernment may have its perfect work, his discontented mind will seize on some peculiarly happy period or event, and make that the past of his wishes.

Furthermore, every age has some general characteristic to excite some particular emotion, or gratify some desire. The creative age excites our emotion of wonder at the exhibition of the power of Deity. The gloomy mystery of Egyptian superstition, and the splendors of Asiatic

Courts, gratify our love for mystery and splendor. The scene of the Jewish captives, lamenting in a strange land, calls forth the "joy of grief." The terrific and immense destruction of Roman government, and Grecian learning, awakens our amazement. Italian softness, Castilian majesty stimulates our awe. Old English hospitality, tells us, Old England how we warm at the prospect. Thus one after another our emotions rise and glow, and when we lay aside history, our minds feel that unspeakable pleasure of being wholly gratified.

Furthermore, we live in the clear, full light of knowledge, experience and revelation, which, like the nebulae of worlds where fancy can revel in its ideal pictures, have been condensed to a settled system. Vice in all its shapes stands out in its full deformity, while in the twilight of the past, revenge was enobled by divinity, and envy, shaded with the character of a noble aspiration for glory and renown.

But there is still another element which enters into the composition of the stimulant to this longing for the past—it is the beauty of description, which has been in a measure implied in what has been said.

Thus when we gaze upon some beautiful picture, for instance the shepherd boy in his rude simplicity, reclining with native grace upon the green sward under the wide spreading tree ; no care seems to mar the tranquillity of his soul. Before him in the dell and on the hill side browse his sheep and goats, while the far distant mountains blend with the serene sky. How one longs to be that shepherd boy. But the painter does not paint there the famished household, the storm and destruction. That same happy youth, could he see the painted palace with its delight, no doubt would desire to enjoy them. Thus we have endeavored to show, that our love for the past proceeds from its being the imaginative infancy of the world, from the manner of historians and poets, from the nature of their materials, from it exciting our emotions and gratifying our desires, from the beauty of description,—all which find a home in the restless, discontented nature of man.

We stand, as it were, upon the stupendous stairway of time. Before us, is the dark opposing future. Unwilling to proceed, we look back, and behold the grand march of generations rising one above another, and developing into distinctness. From the ranks of the mass appear the emblazoned banners of royalty and the heads of great warriors. The dust from their mighty tread mystifies the scene. Far in the distance we behold the new born sun, shining on a new world. The song of the morning stars swells gently above the tramp. But go on. Life stops

not. A few ages more and the darkness becomes thinner and clearer. Soon we emerge from the cloud, when instantly the swelling melody of harps, and voices of millions of the redeemed burst forth; and the glories of Deity, the splendors of heaven, dazzle our eyes. We look back overpowered, and behold the steps of ages to be but a blur on space. The song of the morning stars is hushed in the grand music of heaven, and the glory of earth is drowned in the full glare of Divinity.

THE FEAST OF REASON.

Here's a goblet of crystal beaming,
A draught from the mountain spring,
And its scintillant light is gleaming,
Like down on an angel's wing.
Let us quaff from the brimming measure
For, fresh in its grateful deeps,
We shall find that reviving pleasure,
The pearl of a Ptolemy sleeps,

Here's a relic of martial glory,
A song of an elder day,
It will breathe us a glorious story
Though simple and brief the lay.
It will tell of the bold Crusader
Who went to the Holy Land;
It will follow a blest invader,
And fight with a sacred band.

Here's a tale of the good times olden,
Of knight and of ladie fair;
How he wooed her in moments golden,
And won her with precious care;
How he sought in the front of battle,
The laurels that victors win,
Where the lance and the broadsword rattle,
And ranks of the brave grow thin.

Here's a smile for the joyful Present,
A smile for the glad To-Day,
Since the moments thus sweetly pleasant,
Are flowers on a thorny way.
And the hours that we pass together
With friends that are warm and true,
Like the cloudlets of wintry weather,
Are nearer to heaven though few.

Here's a sigh for the broken-hearted,
 The comfortless child of grief,
 He who mourns over joys departed,
 And gathers no foud relief.
 For when sorrow has made us tearful,
 A sigh is a grateful thing,
 As even a taper is cheerful,
 When darkness has opened her wing.

Here's adieu till we 'meet to-morrow
 Good night to each parting friend,
 May the dreams of the dark watch borrow
 The hues that in lovelight blend.
 May the star that invites the morning,
 Bring Peace on its gentle wings;
 Each brow have its crown of adorning.
 That light which Religion brings.

FALSE CHARACTER.

WHILE perusing the work of the young and much lamented White, we were struck with singular force by a question propounded by him, viz: "Why will not men be contented with appearing what they are? As sure as we attempt to pass for what we are not, we make ourselves ridiculous." Let us look at the question in all its bearings, and first see if there be any foundation for it. Do men ever forsake their proper character and assume that which in no wise belongs to them? Is man always what he seems? Ah! he who knows anything of the world, has found that appearances are deceitful. Observe the many whose masks accidentally slip, showing to the world hypocrisy and rascality, where religion and integrity were supposed to dwell.

In whatever is of good report, honorable or lucrative—we find imposters. It may require severe scrutiny to detect them, but depend upon it, they are there. But "*why* will not men be contented with appearing what they are?" The *reason* is asked.

Self-interest in this, as in almost every case is the main spring or motive power of action. To promote his own interest is the aim of the imposter, as well as of the honest man; though they take different routes, or use different means to obtain the same result. Self-interest, then, is the only motive which we can see through the veil of obscurity that envelops this subject. This, however, exhibits itself in modes as various as the human countenance, or the changing clouds of a summer sky.

A desire to conciliate the friendship of one whose qualities we admire, and who may aid us in such schemes as we have devised, is one of the most common temptations to the adoption of a false character.

The many advantages arising from the possession of a truly religious character, offer a temptation too strong for many to withstand; and thus cause them to appear what they are not—christians.

But of all the forms of deception, there is perhaps, none more prevalent than that in regard to wealth, the ever sought, ever desired, wealth.

Thus, by examining, we may see that many, in every grade and position of life, are by no means what they would have us think.

Again, let us see, if the second portion of our heading be true. Do we always make ourselves ridiculous, when we attempt to pass for what we are not? Allow us to cite the above mentioned cases.

First, concerning the acquisition of friends. To gain and keep friends is one of the noblest traits of a noble man; but one worthy of the sacred name of friend, will never be acquired by a servile moulding of ourselves to his opinions. No—let him see that you are willing to forsake your own character and principles, and to adopt such as may suit him, and he will scorn you. “Let him but *think* you *court* his friendship, and it is human nature to despise you.”

Suppose, however, we do deceive and thus acquire that friendship which we might not otherwise have done. Is it probable, that we can at all times sustain this false character? Will not the wind of circumstance, at some time, blow aside the veil, and show the features hidden there? Oh! will not the contempt and disgrace, which is then sure to be heaped upon us, more than counterbalance any good we may have derived?

In religion, more than in all else, is a false character to be shunned. None is more difficult to sustain; none can be more humiliating and degrading, and upon no other does the sure penalty of ridicule and contempt, fall more severely. Surely, the lot of these is sad. Continually harrassed by the upbraidings of conscience and fear of detection, they become suspicious, nor do they enjoy the society of the true and good. Outwardly manifesting a love to Him who looks down into the heart, and seeing the foulness there, utters those dread words—*thou hypocrite!*

It is unnecessary for us to show that he who apes the rich or learned man, is sure of his reward. These cases are too well known to require further comment. And thus in each instance, by adopting a

false character, we not only make ourselves ridiculous, but also contemptible. And is there not sufficient in life to wound the feelings and afflict the heart, that men should thus enter upon a course of action, the certain result of which is to plunge them into misery and disgrace? Cajole not yourselves, with the hope of continuing undetected.

This is deceit, and deceit is the work of the "Arch Enemy," who, when he prompts his followers to do wrong, never rest until he has it found out. Experience has long since verified the truth of Socrates' remark, 'that the best way to appear anything is to be it,' and now "Prodesse quam conspici," is acknowledged as the true rule of life.

K.

THE TRIO OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE student of history, in directing his attention to the annals of the past, finds there great representative periods,—periods, which have become eras in the world's existance, and in which, either socially, politically, or religiously, it has undergone entire revolutions.

In turning his attention to the history of the race, he finds there great representative men—men who stand out as bright exemplars of all who shall succeed them.

But in no age, and in no combination of names, do we find those who are entitled to an equal rank with Gutenberg, Columbus and Luther,—the noble Trio of the 15th century.

Other centuries, other countries, and other individuals, have arrogated to themselves the pre-eminence in accomplishing the mission of the world, but when we compare them with these; contemplating them, either as the originators of some grand theories, or as rising superior to their formidable obstacles, and Herculean toils; or in respect to the magnitude and moral grandeur of the undertakings, or the untold beatitude of the results, all others must sink into relative insignificance. Other theories may have been originated; other sacrifices may have been made, other plans may have been achieved, for ameliorating the condition of man; but they must grow dim, and fade away in the past, while these will go on with an ever-accumulating influence, and an ever-increasing lustre, until,

"As weary stars their night-watch ended,
Steal to sleep on slumbers bright,"

they shall be lost in the loveliness and ineffable glory of that world which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of."

What thoughts are suggested by an era like this; especially when we consider that the three grandest results ever achieved by human enterprise and uninspired man, were the product of a single century. What a contrast with every preceding period! When the world was called into existence by the word of God, and peopled by man in his original purity, his fall was so speedy, and his progress in iniquity so rapid, that in a few centuries vindictive justice broke up the fountains of the deep, and swept a world into eternity! Peopled again by a Father's care, it sunk still deeper into vice, and when Infinite Mercy provided a Deliverer from the bondage of corruption, he was despised and slain! But again, when enveloped in the very blackness of darkness, *man steeped in crime*, reverses the long established order, and becomes himself the instrument for the resurrection of light, life, and eternal truth! And like at the annual resurrection of nature, when from her mountains and valleys clad in vernal garments, she sends up as an incense offering, the sweet fragrance of the rose, and her countless choristers warble forth their Maker's praises to *man*, on his awakening from the slumber of ages, clothed in the spotless robes of a divine substitute, and called into new life by the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness, sends to heaven the grateful acknowledgments of a regenerate soul. Yes it is in this period, that Gutemberg comes forward with his printing press, announcing with the stillness of the morning, yet with a distinctness that sends its echo from continent to continent, "Let there be light." Scarcely had that echo ceased, when from the shores of the Mediterranean we hear the returning Columbus repeating the words, Let there be light. And again in rapid succession we hear Luther, from the Halls of Wertemberg, proclaiming to the World in thunder tones, Let there be light. Though, of another it has been said.

"Leaving the earth, at will he soared to heaven,
And read the glorious visions of the sky,
And to the music of the rolling spheres,
Intelligently listened."

and of another,

"He with the thunder talked as friend to friend,
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist."

Yes, that he has tamed the fiery messengers of Deity, and says to one "go and he goeth," and to another, "do this and he doeth it," yet, had it not been for the discovery of printing, the product of the loftiest genius would have been to the world of mind, as a vast lake without an outlet to the parched and thirsty land,—useless in itself, because possessed of no means of transferring its blessings, or as the distant star, which however large it may be, is still unknown; until Gutemberg with his press, like Galileo with his telescope, brings within the range of our vision, a luminous planet revolving in the great universe of thought, and attended by a whole retinue of minor bodies. The success of Columbus was not only doubling the dominions of nature, and converting a wilderness from being the dwelling place of savage hovels, to the patron of letters, the residence of freemen, and a nation powerful for spreading the civilization of the world. But in doing this, it added a new impetus to commerce, industrial enterprise and invention. And further, it was itself the first step to the grand achievements of Astronomical science. In braving the world of waters, he enabled the astronomer to traverse the infinitude, of space and unite the celestial, with the terrestrial in one harmonious whole. Gutemberg more than doubled, the dominions of the thinking mind, and like Mercury of old, became himself the messenger of Minerva, bearing the treasures of wisdom to the nations of the earth.

More happy, infinitely more happy, still, were the results that followed the labors of Luther. The world of Christendom had been almost destroyed. The longings of the immortal soul had been unsatisfied for ages. Well then might a weeping Mary have exclaimed, "They have taken my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." But as the earthquake unsealed the tomb of our buried Messiah, so Luther, removed the seal that hid him again from mortal view. How glorious are the results that have followed from this event. Truly, thence "flow streams which make glad the city of our God." While Columbus, with his compass, whose needle points to the polar star, found the New World. The christian, with the compass which Luther procured him, whose needle points to the Bright and Morning Star, may safely sail through life's tempestuous seas, into the heaven of eternal bliss.

BACKER.

THE THEORY OF ART.

It is deeply significant to the philosopher, that, however false may be the views of the learned upon any practical subject, the general tone of the masses, that great voice of humanity, whether expressed in language or in action, will not depart from consciousness and truth. Accordingly though theorists, losing themselves in the mazy labyrinths of speculation, may have refused to recognize the forms of grace with which the world is filled, yet, from this double record in man's words and in his deeds, we still find proof of universal belief in the existence of Beauty, physical, intellectual and moral.

In spite of the efforts of those who would resolve Beauty into mere utility, men will still speak with enthusiasm of a beautiful painting, a beautiful poem, a beautiful spirit.

This fact of the Beautiful, of a mind to discern and a soul to relish it are conditions necessary to the existence of Art. The power to reproduce the Beautiful, is essential to the Artist.

That man has this power may be gathered from his works. In those Eastern lands, which were the cradle of the arts, the fallen capital, the crushed column, the ruined temple, point the observer back to the master spirits of a world which has passed away. Their names may have perished, yet those Artists of the olden time still live in their works, despite the angel of destruction. They have left the impress of *this power* upon the lifeless marble, and thither go the men of other days, and sterner climes to worship at the shrine of Art,—to seek some talisman of the departed which shall be to them in turn a magic spell.

Man's words too declare him a "poet," a maker of the Beautiful.

So in the myths of that Eastern race, who have so long dwelt in the "cities of the silent," 'tis the voice of humanity speaks to us of a "Promethean fire."

But what is the nature of this power, whose existence, everywhere, and in all times, is attested? Is it the power to reproduce beautiful forms as nature offers them? Is the Artist a mere copyist? Fruitless, indeed, would be such a labor, for, were the imitations never so perfect, nature would surpass it, for she alone can surround her forms of Beauty with the matchless charm of life. Vainly would man attempt to vie with nature by striving to copy either the "lines of glory" which come streaming up through the ethereal arch from the far north, or the lines of beauty which the joy and sorrow of existence trace upon the great soul.

Besides, that is not legitimate labor which adds nothing to man's stock of mental or moral wealth. The power of the Artist lies not then in bare imitation.

Conclude we then that it is in the power of man to create new elements of Beauty, to produce being from the non-existent? Shall we make man the finite, the rival of God the Infinite? No! He who made the universe of beauty and of truth, made it one and perfect. Into the mystic dance of the stars, there comes no discord, for their "chorus" is complete. Perfect too is the circle of the Beautiful, for it came forth from the same Divine Hand. No part is wanting, and if there were, by no infinite series could man evolve the real from that which is not. No more can he create Beauty, than he can create a universe.

The Artist then has to do with the existent. But how is he to leave the impress of his soul upon that which is? If it cannot be done by mere imitation; if creative power is above him; we must seek the truth in some other solution, for still the voices of the past, in language and in action, press upon us, as the decision of humanity, that somehow man wields this wondrous power. There is but one other possible way;—by the resolving of the Beautiful, which is actual, into its elements, and the production of new forms from these elements by combining those which are perfect, after rejecting whatever is defective.

The possibility of the existence of Art, in its higher sense, is then based upon the fact that everything in nature is not equally perfect—that sunlight and shadow are everywhere mingled and blended.—The forms of nature are but the earthy setting in which the diamond. Beauty, shines more gloriously. The setting shaped, and polished by the hand of Art, may better fit the jewel.

In thus arriving at new forms of beauty, the Artist must look upon the material but as the temple of the mental, the spiritual. Graceful forms are of value to him, only as there shines through them something lofty and ennobling, for in the depths of his own soul, where these new combinations are originated, he can deal only with the mental and the moral. He is thus the priest, and the interpreter of nature.

And let this be esteemed no narrow sphere of action, for he is thus the priest and interpreter of that One, of whose eternal idea nature is only the realizing. It is a place none too low, for in forming and reproducing this Ideal, this moral Beauty, sentiment, taste, imagination—the whole soul, is called into requisition to draw from the world of

Beauty, and to mould the world of matter for its expression. His is a lofty, a glorious part, for he may eternally drink in new draughts of Beauty, and the Infinite be still forever unexhausted.

It is thus that the Artist dealing with that which already is, still gives us a product of his own soul. In this way it is his to create not substance but forms; it is his to surpass nature by making the moral overshadow the material. It is thus, that he leaves upon his works the marks of originality.

It is this power of Idealizing and of reproducing Ideal Beauty which enables man to rise above the finite, the shadowy, and which leads him out toward the Infinite, the Absolutely Beautiful. Here is the "Promethean fire" of tradition. Here are the marks of the Divinity. As the spirit shell, which the wave washes upon the shore, retains an echo of the mighty ocean whence it came, man who came forth from the Infinite retains this echo of Infinity.

It is thus the Artist's to elevate man by pointing him up toward the perfect; by giving him higher notions of Him of whose glorious perfections the universe is but the unfolding, who is Himself the absolute source, and center alike of True, and Beautiful and Good

E. W.

CROMWELL AND HIS TIMES.

One of the most remarkable periods in English History, as well for the events occurring during that time, as for its influence upon the English character, is that between the years 1642, and 1660.

During this period, the people rose, threw off the yoke, deposed their King, made an attempt at self-government, and failing, restored the monarchy, and quietly submitted to be ruled.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon in 1599. The second son of a good family, he received but a small estate from his father. He was sent to the University, but the temper of his mind being unsuited to the quiet of a scholar's life, he plunged into dissipation and wild debauch. In this way he squandered the greater part of his patrimony and wasted the morning of his life.

Suddenly he paused, reflected, and the whole course of his life was changed from that moment. From a wild thoughtless youth, scorning

all decorum, and trampling upon all formality, he became a rigid Puritan, a bigot and a zealot. He now exhibited the same eagerness of pursuit after his favorite object, which characterized him in his days of sensual excess. We find the habits of the man changed, but his mind is ever the same. In his house, which a short time before had been the resort of revelling voluptuaries, you might now meet the canting Puritan, who with downcast eyes, and hat drawn over his brows, stalking past you in grim silence; where was heard the tipsy song of the noisy bacchanal, you might now detect the drawling tones of the snivelling saint.

Cromwell soon became popular among the fanatical religionists. His property before diminished by his luxurious style of living, was reduced still more by the entertainment of a host of half-starved Pietists. To repair his fortune, he betook himself to agriculture, but paying more attention to long prayers, than to the cultivation of the soil, he became poorer, day by day. He therefore determined, in company with several others, to emigrate to New England. But God had otherwise ordained it. There was a part in the drama of the world's history, which Oliver Cromwell alone could act. He was detained by order of the Council and not long after, took his first steps in political life, in opposition to the court. More by a skillful plotting, than as an acknowledgment of his merit, he was presently selected, from Cambridge, a member of the Long Parliament. We now see him for the first time occupying a public position. Here he aimed his first blow against the existence of the court. Here he first set in motion the ball, which ever increasing as it rolled, at length accomplished the downfall of the government. In this was, concerned his policy as an ambitious man, and his faith as a religious one. Accordingly, we will find him among the most bitter opposers of every measure, which seemed like concession to the King, and ever ready to excite and promote discontent, and disorder in the Kingdom.

Let us now examine the condition of the country, at the time when this great man was about to impress his image, on the history, and character of his countrymen. What do we find to be the political relations of England with other countries? With France, there was peace; and a close alliance with the whole house of Austria. With Spain, there was an open rupture. The King was pressed for money and supplies, to enable him to carry on a war, into which he had been drawn by his Parliament.

Such being the state of the foreign relations, let us look at the in-

ternal condition of the country, as being partly the effect of these.—The whole Kingdom was divided and cut up into innumerable parties, and sects, but they were arrayed respectively, under the two opposing banners of the Parliament, and the king. The one party, composed of all the disaffected, from whatever cause, and the other, of those, who while they saw and deplored the faults of the King, yet supported the crown as the bulwark of their country. True some of the first opposers of the King, were patriots, but as it ever occurs in resistance to constitutional authority, though patriots commenced the movement, it was carried far beyond their intentions by violent factionists. It would be useless, for our present purpose, to attempt a detail of the numerous subdivisions of the Parliamentary party; we will content ourselves with glancing at the two branches, of the Independents, and Presbyterians, the wildest and the most moderate of these sectarians. And as the bolder and more rugged outlines of a landscape; first strike the attention; so we find our minds first fixed on the Independents.—To these men, who rejected all government of the church, the union of church and state was no less than a sin, and an abomination. Their political predilections were in favor of abolishing the monarchy and aristocracy, and forming a republic, in which all men should enjoy equal rights and principles. The Presbyterians shall next engage our attention. These we will find much more moderate than the Independents, for while they retrenched the authority, and diminished the liberties of their priests, and used a more simple form of worship. They still recognized a distinction between the clergy and the laity.—In like manner they were in favor of limiting the power of the crown, but not of an abolition of the monarchy.

Cromwell from the first, took a prominent stand among the Independents. With an awkward person, an unprepossessing countenance, and as an orator, distinguished only for his obscurity, he yet, by the force of his will, and his knowledge of human nature obtained almost unlimited control over his party. The force of his will was so great as to sway his own opinions and belief. To this was partly owing his influence over the minds of other men, for if he once perceived a measure to be politic, he soon believed it to be right, and urged it with an earnestness which could not be feigned.

As a military leader, he was a strict disciplinarian, and succeeded in inspiring his troops with his own zealous fanaticism. In this, consisted his chief excellence as a general, for his military talents were not of a very high order. Never before, save in the followers of Mahomet,

had there been exhibited the spectacle of an army whose warlike spirit was so thoroughly mingled with religious enthusiasm. The same cause which contributed to the success of the Ottoman ; operated with even more power in this case, and secured the victory to the Parliamentary army. For, in the minds of these men, the success of their arms was intimately connected with the advantage of their religion.— Their worldly ambition was seconded, and supported, by their hopes of eternal glory. In their diseased imaginations, the Christian warfare was to be direct against the flesh, not as typifying their own corrupt and depraved notions, but as exhibited in the persons of those who differed from them in religious faith. Such was the character of the men whom Cromwell commanded.

But was he like them? No. His mind though tinctured with the morose and gloomy fanaticism of the times, looked not to the immediate success of his party, but to his own elevation.

He, above all other men, was distinguished by a sublime selfishness. This it was which actuated him in youth, while in the pursuit of sensual pleasure. This it was which elevated him to the supreme power in the state, and this which made his administration just and prosperous. We might almost be tempted to refer to this, his great fear of death, did we not remember the enormous crimes of which he was guilty.— Cromwell from his superiority as a military leader over all the foremost men of his party, was soon elevated to be nominally the second, but really the first in command. His influence over Fairfax, was that of the greater over the lesser mind, and he used this influence for the advancement of the Parliamentary cause, as a prime means to his own elevation. We have said that he was distinguished for a sublime selfishness. What is ambition, but a loftier form of the same passion?

Let us now glance at the mutual influence exerted by this remarkable man, and the times in which he lived. For, as we always see in men of strong passions and marked character, that, a change in the course of their life, must be from one extreme to another, we will instantly recognize, the fact that had Cromwell lived in any other age, he would have been but a dissipated voluptuary. A man, who by enjoyment, had lost the keen relish for social pleasure, and whose passions had been strengthened by his licentious and self-indulged life, he seized with eagerness upon this new excitement, offered him in the position of affairs. For what can fill or satisfy the mind craving for excitement, like religious fanaticism?

Thus was Cromwell founded by his times, yet it was not the act of

creation, but development. As the egg of the ostrich, if warmed by a winter sun, will not quicken into life, so Cromwell in any other age would have lived, died and been forgotten.

But, if in one sense the time made the man, in a still higher sense did the man make the times. The master spirit of his, age, he left his impress on everything around him.

Far off nations felt the effect of every winding of his artful mind.— Though bold in action, firm and determined in purpose, he could yet stoop to the meanest duplicity to accomplish his end. Who could be better fitted than he, to rule in those stormy times?

To learn the spirit of the age, we have but to study the character of Oliver Cromwell.

P. G.

HERNANDO CORTES.

From our contemplation of the lives, and actions of great men, we derive improvement, as well as pleasure. In reading the Biography of Hernando Cortes, the romance, the fearless daring, the wild roving, record, encase his name in a volume, replete with delightful pleasure. Hours otherwise idle, would be profitably occupied in following his footsteps, now hidden beneath the moss of ages.

Born in the days of chivalry, nursed by arms stiff with clanking steel; Cortes grew to manhood, imbued with an unnatural intermixture of good, and evil principles. He was one of the few, that stand out, separate, and distinct from the moving columns, which leave their dead to bleach, and rot in the past; while the living, in panting dread, reach out their boney hands to grasp the retiring darkness of the future. How many fall? How many become torpid in listless inaction? How many grow silent in the shivering embrace of Death, before a single good deed has been done?

The History of Cortes enunciates the truism; "that where there is a will, there is a way." He was the architect of his dazzling fortune. His splendid renown was not obtained by the co-operation of powerful friends. Adversity breathed her hated breath in his face at every onward step, but that energized him to brilliant efforts, which as pebbles on the sea beach, when washed by ocean's untiring swell,

become resplendent. But other's deeds, less important, are locked within the vaults of the past. Where his foot was placed, there it remained until raised only to advance. Sooner, could you jostle the earth from its orbit, than bend the unswerving will of Cortes, even when but a youth.

Bidding adieu, to the home of his childhood, he embarked in a frail ship, to plough the white-capped waves of the Atlantic. Favorable winds, soon made the borders of Spain, slide beneath the sensible horizon. With her white wings spread, the sea-bird skimmed prettily along. But list! there is the wild scream of the petrel. The gorgeous sun has just set, and twilight's stray beams are hurrying from the approaching darkness. All on deck are busy reefing the sails. Slowly lifting itself, a cloud in the south, appeared to the weather-beaten sailors as a dreadful omen; but to young Cortes, the cloud seemed only the fancied head of a huge sea-serpent, whose fiery tongue was lapping the ocean's foam. And his fancy grew reckless in its excursions. As a heartless female, leads on to ruin, a fascinated victim, so the gentle zephyrs were now strengthening to a hurricane. The sea, that a few hours ago, murmured a joyous tune, as it rippled against the oaken prow; now yelled the deafening dirge of the Storm King. The little ship, driving furiously before the increasing tempest, now poised like a frightened bird, upon the top of a mountain wave,—now grown dizzy, would plunge into the "trough of the sea;" where it stood momentarily still, seemed searching for some coral bed on which to rest.

The elements grew tired. Once more the command was given, and the rebuked sea and wind shrunk back into quietude. Cortes reached his destination in safety. But bitter trials and harsh disappointments stood ready to meet him.

The implacable enemies of Cortes, employed every means, resorted to every thing; clung, even to the assassin's dagger, to balk his ambitious designs and impede his march of destruction. The rough bark of every forest tree, at his approach, appeared to unfold; and an armed foe to step forth. But his impetuous spirit, indefatigable zeal, and personal bravery, enabled him to crush proudly under foot, every new born obstacle. "Not cloyed with much Ambition pineth still for more." The conqueror waved his victorious sword, and blood of savage Kings curdled on the floors of rude palaces. He had but to beckon and destruction brooded over the land.

We see Cortes, again, step forth from land to ocean. Now he leaves a country, black with smoky vestiges of his morbid ambition, to seek

adventures and to make discoveries in the New World. Before, he left the "home of childhood," to introduce gory rapine into a virgin world. And he did.

Old Neptune furrowed the ocean by his trident. Eolus rushed with headlong force upon the waters. The betossed ship groaned in its strivings. But Cortes kept steadily on his course; until a long line of forest trees, loomed their tops, clothed in misty blue, above the horizon, and his sturdy crew gave three hearty cheers, which echoed along the clear blue sky.

Prescott, "with a pen of fire, and a point of diamond," has flung around those regions, sparkling metaphors, wealthy language, and accurate description; culled from the bejewelled luxuriance of Nature; which, in the days of Cortes, was bedecked in its most gorgeous dress. He has with rigid distinctness, held up to view, the habits, customs, and occupations, of the semi-civilized enemies of Cortes. He tells us of their horrid rites, which were surfeiting, revolting, nauseating, to the civilized.

Cortes, beheld the land with mingled pleasure and admiration.— Surrounded by exuberant splendor; how soon did he learn that a nation could sleep in dark ignorance, even when Nature did her utmost? Do circumstances make the man? else; why did Cortes see in Mexico, a people revelling in disgusting sins? Why did he see them reduced to such physical weakness? Why did he see, that splendor in Nature, could not generate individual luxury? The modern courtier in the very shadow of bedizened royalty, mentally, and physically, shrivels to insignificance. The Mexicans, surrounded by every natural luxury, had dwindled to mere devotees of greediness after abominable pleasures.

There it was that Cortes conceived the daring thought, of conquering and subjugating the country, and installing himself the King of Castile. How he succeeded, after performing exploits which rival in brilliant strangeness, and in intense interest the Oriental myths, is faithfully recorded by Prescott. How he trod fearlessly through the "Halls of Montezuma," and throttled the haughty Aztec upon his throne.— How he purified an atmosphere, heavy with the effects of having moaned over the corpses of sacrificed humanity. How placidly, Peace smiled, on a re-invigorated people; are all recorded by the magic pen of Prescott.

When such immense riches glittered in his last crown of glory; Cortes returned to his mother country. Did applause meet him there? Did

those people upon whom he had reflected so much credit, throw flowers under the wheels of his triumphant car? Mean ingratitude embodying itself in a jealous King, sneered, *traitor*. Such ingratitude, the sensitiveness of Cortes, could not buoy up under, and dejected and discouraged he pined, to smile only when the grave opened its earthy lips. He died.

Jealousy, Envy, Malice, be still. When alive; Cortes walked above the grass in which you lie concealed. Though ambitious; he was patriotic. The mortal sleeps, but his name will hang on the lips of praise, as long as time is.

M.

PETRARCH'S ERROR.

With the name of Petrarch, the passion of the lover, the fancy of the poet, and the learning of the philosopher, are intimately associated. Sentiment and sensibility, glow in their brightest tints, and abound with the purest feeling, at the recollection of his character; and dullness, inspired by the magic of his genius, sport for a moment among the flowers of fancy, and soars on the transient flush of enthusiasm. Petrarch is interesting to all.

It was from imbibing eloquence and learning, at the fountain of ancient wisdom, that Petrarch became the "Poet of Italy," and the reviver of taste and erudition. Ovid, Cicero, and Livy, were the sources of his ambition, and their beauties, the recompense of his toil. An oppressive dearth of learning and taste in his native country, inspired him with the design of collecting the living embers of ancient genius, and kindling from their fire, the flame of modern invention.—In this he succeeded.

Presenting an impressive example in his own efforts and excellence, he was followed by a host of poets, orators, and historians, who have honored their countries, and immortalized themselves. How much of his fame, does Lorenzo De Medici owe to the assiduity, taste, learning and enthusiasm of Petrarch! Is the extent of renown, always proportioned to the measure of merit? Posterity applauds more by ex-

ample, than judgment; and a Sovereign concentrates in himself, the united merits of his less conspicuous subjects.

Ambition is always enlarged by a knowledge of the merits, and an imaginary conception of the glory, of ancient genius. Their horror and their fame, are magnified by the mist of ages, to a modern eye; and if flattery, vanity or reason, told Petrarch that he was equal to Horace, he likewise deemed himself worthy of the same distinctions; he at least aspired to possess, and was invited to receive them.

The Greeks crowned their bards in reality; the Romans only in opinion, like the reign of Domitian. But in a modern fancy, the opinions of the old Romans, assumed the form and brightness of an actual coronation. Petrarch having read of the crown, he strove to deserve, and panted to obtain it. Circumstances that matures every plan, and produces the fruition of every desire, at length brought him to the object of his wishes, and the pinnacle of his ambition. What was that?

In his thirty-sixth year Petrarch was invited by the Senate of Rome, and the university of Paris, to receive the crown of Laurel, in the two most distinguished cities of the world. It is his conduct on this peculiar occasion, that betrays the weakness of the man, and displays the character of Petrarch.

This summons to glory and honor was made to him in the solitude of Vaucluse, where the enraptured poet was indulging his silly passion for a self created shadow of female perfection. After spending his life, in hopes frankly imparted to his friends, of attaining this distinction; after soliciting the powerful, flattering the vain, and intriguing with the learned, to procure the crown, we perceive the pensive and liberal man, affecting surprise, at the splendid offer. He is overcome with wonder, to think that the honors of the world, should pursue him among his rocks and mountain torrents; and hunt him from solitude and gloom, to be exposed to the overpowering glare of such dazzling distinctions! To have nations contesting the honor of his coronation, and to be thought the only object worthy of the prize, that a thousand years could produce! Our reverence and esteem for the man, are impaired by the duplicity and want of candor, so conspicuous in the Poet. Had Petrarch, void of ambition, disgusted with the world, and wedded to seclusion, sought the solitude of Vaucluse for the purpose of oblivion, a noisy summons to renown, would never have obtruded on his quiet, and agitated his mind, with the difficulty of choosing between two rival capitols. But even the love, and the "sweet soli-

tude" of Petrarch, were only valued as the handmaids to fame.

Petrarch forsook the world, that he might hear it complain of his absence; and he fixed his love on a shadow, that he might excite sympathy for his despair, the despair of *fancy*! and possess a subject for his sonnets, and a decoy for his muse. Such a person as Laura did exist; but that she was essentially destitute, of all the celestial attributes, with which he invested her, in the fervor of his imagination and ridiculous enthusiasm of his love. Shall we call that love, which is so easily reduced to vanity? Shall our admiration of his genius blind us to perception of his defects? He who knows anything of Petrarch, must know, that the whole substance and spirit of his soul, was absorbed in that master passion of the mind, *Ambition*; and if it sometimes appeared in the less envious forms of egotism, and love, we must admire the skill of the philosopher, who could shade the brightness of his character from the attention of Envy, and make his vaulting ambition appear amiable, pensive and meek, and his genius only the sport of a libidinous fancy.

It is with some apprehension of female anger, that we thus strike from the roll of chivalry, a knight so courteous and urbane, and a lover so foud and devout. Are we not more competent to pronounce a dispassionate judgment, in canvassing the merits of our own sex, and separating the impotence of the man, from the splendor of the poet? Were all lovers like Petrarch, and all women beloved like Laura, we should have more poetry, but less happiness; and the misery of experience, would dispel the illusion of his passion, and attest the insensibility of his sentiment, and the strength of his ambition. Yet in dissipating a pleasing dream of the fancy, is there not more delight lost, than the recovery of truth can compensate? The suggestion is produced by feeling the effect; and comes too late to restore the fantasy. It is thus the truth often destroy a pleasure, while they melt a prejudice.

Of the two solicitations, Petrarch was for some time perplexed which to accept. In Paris a poet had never been crowned; and if he complied with the request of that university, the novelty would gratify him, as giving an example to future ages, and as being the founder of an illustrious custom. Rome on the contrary had witnessed the ceremonies; but Rome could confer the highest honors; as a place consecrated to massive genuises of antiquity, and venerable, illustrious, for being the cradle, and the tomb of heroes, philosophers and saints.—The glories that still encircled the capitol, won the preference of Petrarch; and Rome was destined to crown a modern poet.

In the decision of the Latin bard, Paris lost some renown, though Rome gained little celebrity; the measure of the latter's greatness was brimming, a "Poet of Italy," could add nothing to the lustre of her ancient glory. Paris on the contrary, undistinguished by genius, and yet fresh in the virgin bloom of learning, would have been ennobled by the presence of Petrarch, and made illustrious through after ages, by her early encouragement of superior intellectual taste.

On Easter day, April 8, 1341, the ceremony of his Coronation, commemorated his wishes, and revived a feeble image of Roman magnificence. At the blast of the trumpet, the streets were strewed with wreaths and flowers; and the "matrons of Rome," thronged the windows and balconies, and sprinkled perfumes upon the head of the poet. He was preceded by twelve youths of patrician families, dressed in scarlet. Arrayed in a robe of state, a regal present and privilege, Petrarch followed surrounded by six of the noblest citizens, dressed in green, bearing on their heads crowns of flowers. The Senators came next, and the most illustrious members of the Council, closed the procession. When the Count of Anguillara the Senator ascended his throne, Petrarch, notified by a herald, arose and having offered an appropriate comment on a text from Virgil, he made his vows three times for the prosperity of Rome. He then knelt before the throne of the Senator who crowned him with a wreath of Laurel, saying, "This is the reward of merit." A Sonnet upon the glories of Rome was then recited, by the grateful poet, and the shouts and acclamations of the people expressed their admiration for Petrarch, or their pleasure at the novelty of the scene. The procession then moved to the Vatican, and Petrarch offered the crown of his glory at the shrine of St. Peter, after the celebration of mass.

On the same day, the Count of Anguillara presented him a Diploma, by which he was invested with the title and privileges of *Poet Laureat*. He was thus legitimised, to wear a crown of laurel, ivy or myrtle as caprice or vanity prompted.

Such were the honors lavished upon a poet and historian of the fourteenth century, in modern Italy; honors which perhaps would never have been thought of, had he not suggested them. *That was Petrarch's fatal error.* Fatal, because his peace and happiness were thereby destroyed. That he deserved them cannot be denied; but he bitterly repented the vanities he had sought, and deplored a greatness, which multiplied his enemies, while it lessened the number and kindness of his friends. *Humanum est errare.*

W. H. S.

LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

There is one trait peculiar to the national character of the Americans, which we have never thought of without regret. It is that indifference to early associations which is so proverbially characteristic of our people. Unlike the precepts and practice of most other nations in this respect, we are accustomed to regard strong home attachment as a weakness or childish caprice, rather than a noble and manly affection. To learn to forego the enjoyments of home—to become callous to the most sacred of all associations—to mingle prematurely in the bustle of the world, in despite of all youthful propensities, has become part of our education. Before a youth has assumed the appearance or vigour of manhood, he is often called to leave the home of his fathers, to seek his fortune in a land of strangers, and this perhaps when the parents who nurtured him are tottering on the brink of the grave. He goes, and the very home in which he was reared, that home which was consecrated by a father's toils and embellished by a father's hands, and which he had cherished the fond hope of transmitting as an inheritance to his children, becomes the possession of another. Even the graves where the bones of his friends lie buried, are desecrated by the feet of strangers. And that spot which the mind holds most sacred—that spot which the sad heart loves to revisit and bedew with the tears of affectionate remembrance—the grave where repose the ashes of a mother, is no longer known. It would be well if we could partake more of the sentiments so feelingly expressed by a Moabitish maiden, toward the mother of her adoption: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

But this spirit of adventure is not confined exclusively to the younger members of society. It has swept over entire portions of the land, entered every house, and infected whole families, procuring restlessness and dissatisfaction with their present condition, and a feverish desire of bettering it abroad. In whatever light it may be regarded, whether in its bearings upon domestic happiness, or the general welfare of the community, this is an evil greatly to be lamented. It is not however to be accounted for entirely on the grounds to which it has been indirectly attributed. It is in many cases owing to some defect in the homes themselves. There is no attempt to render them suffi-

ciently attractive. There is not sufficient effort to throw around them those enchantments which attract the youthful imagination, enchain the affections, and captivate the heart. This is seen in the absolute neglect, and sometimes contempt of those good old social customs in which our ancestors so much delighted. The spirit of utilitarianism among us, has made sad innovations here. Many of the simple and natural amusements which served to render a winter's evening agreeable, have given place to customs of greater formality, and less calculated to cultivate the affections of the heart. Even those delightful holiday customs which used to fill all hearts with gladness, and bring to the bosoms of every family the merry faces of cherished friends, are gradually falling into disuse. These are the occasions peculiarly suited to youthful mirth, and are calculated above all others to make home endearing. The pleasant intercourse between the sexes, which used to obtain in the olden time, and which, when accompanied by purity of conduct, is capable of increasing the strength of domestic attachment, and scattering numberless blessings through the land, no longer exists. Modern refinement has substituted in its stead an intercourse as unphilosophic as it is unnatural. The one was result of unsuspecting innocence and purity, without the *parade* of extraordinary virtue. The other is frequently vice in the guise of virtue; that species of nominal virtue, which is always ready to take offence, because conscious of no good in itself, it always suspects the want of it in others. Mark out a society where the intercourse of which we were speaking prevails to any extent, and you will find it virtuous and happy. You will discover a community where generosity and benevolence, and unaffected simplicity, and all the goodlier qualities of the heart predominate.

Again; to increase the endearments of home, too little attention has been paid to their embellishment, and the delineation of rural imagery. These act powerfully upon the mind, and tend to throw around the heart a chain of the most pleasing associations. After all, we have too little of the romantic combined with our character. We require something more to render life agreeable, than the every day sound of ordinary business, and the dull realities of laborious occupation. Sir William Temple wisely remarks, "When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then care is over."

That such are some of the causes which strengthen the ties of local

attachment, one need only examine the nature of his own emotions to discover. When our thoughts are turned on home, what is it that constitutes those endearments about which the heart clings? What those delights which the mind selects from among all others, clothes in the beautiful colors of imagination, and dwells upon with such intensity of interest? The mere name itself sounds sweetly to the ears; the image of a beloved mother rises in all its loveliness before the mind; the familiar tones of a father's voice are heard again, and these delight the soul. Yet there is something beyond all this, about which the imagination loves to play. It selects whatever pleased the youthful fancy, and made the jocund hours fly merrily away. It calls up the festive occasion, when gladsome friends were gathered around the social hearth. It walks again among the garden flowers, where in its infancy it loved to sport. It reverts with rapture to the objects of its early loves, and the companions of its evening amusements.

The English are well skilled in the art of making their homes attractive. By their happy delineation of rural beauty—by the embellishments of their houses—by their social and domestic amusements—holiday customs and country sports, and by their observance of old festivities, they have thrown a charm over the whole island, and converted it into "fairy land." This is confined to no class, but embraces alike the peasant and the lord, and is exhibited in the humblest cottage and the goodliest palace. They have thus seized upon the bright garniture of nature, and rendered it subservient to their pleasures in almost every capacity. Flowers adorn the country and town and occupy a prominent place in every festivity and every solemnity. When the heart would rejoice, they are present to increase that joy. When it would mourn, they are present to add sweetness to that grief. The road to the marriage altar is strewn with flowers, and the maiden's brow is decked with wreaths. The pathway to the tomb is equally adorned, and the grave is made to bloom with the verdure of spring. These are the circumstances which have given to the land of our forefathers, the endearing epithet of "Merry England." They have given current to the thoughts of her poets. They are the origin of those descriptions of pastoral and domestic life, and those faithful portraits of the affections, which are the peculiar ornaments of English poesy. They gave conception to the mind of a Milton, and warmed the fancy of a Wordsworth. They have been the themes of eulogy and song, from the days of old Chaucer to the present time.

Their agency in promoting local attachments, and consequently love

of country, are plain ; and their effects upon public virtue no less striking. Wherever they exist, and whenever love of country is a characteristic of any people, public morals will in most cases be found in a high state of culture. We should therefore endeavor to cherish them, for then, and not till then, shall we become to the full extent, a happy people.

ORATION.

PARALLEL BETWEEN AUGUSTUS CAESAR, AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE great among men are often compared to brilliant, dazzling, short-lived meteors. Like these, they spring forth unexpected visitors ; flash through their course, startling and fixing the attention of the world, and die away, leaving but a faint glimmer of their former greatness—though they may be remembered and talked of while time shall last. Such in ancient history was Julius Caesar ; and such, his modern parallel, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Great meteors too, in ending their career, send out as off-shoots smaller bodies, bright indeed, and attractive, but eclipsed by the superior brilliancy and priority of those from which they spring. Such in Rome was Augustus ; and in France, is Louis Napoleon. Each, the second of a new dynasty ; each, the successor of his uncle ; each, raised in triumph amid the ruins of efforts to supplant the claims of his family to a throne, they present as striking a parallel as the history of any age will furnish.

How remarkably similar were the circumstances which restored to their hands a rudely wrested sceptre ; how closely agree their early good fortune, and every subsequent act of their course. In Rome as in France, futile attempts had been made to establish a republican form of government. In vain had the people endeavored to rule themselves. Both had tasted sufficiently the fruits of anarchy and civil war, and as a last resort, placed these kinsmen of former tyrants at their head, as mere republican magistrates. Little did they think, that by so doing they were forging links, which would bind around them as firmly as ever the broken chain of despotism. But blinded by

their love for the great Caesar and Bonaparte, they had yet to learn a lesson too often and fearfully taught to every people, that has placed its liberty under the guardianship of ambitious and designing men.

Watch these two prodigies after their first sip from the cup of power—enough only to create a thirst for longer, stronger draughts.

See how they seek to soothe the troubled feelings of nations just beginning to be jealous of their rights: how scrupulously they avoid high sounding titles, and all outward appearances of power. Yet in secret, with all their wiles, they are gradually absorbing the authority of other magistrates, and concentrating it in themselves. How like vampires, fanning and lulling in sleep their victims while they draw the life-blood from their veins! The one, having carefully shunned the unpopular names of king and dictator, soon succeeds in being proclaimed Emperor for ten years; the other, by means even more insidious, obtains a softer, less threatening title for a shorter period.

But mark their treachery! They possess extraordinary foresight, and know well the character of the people they govern. They flatter their weakness; insinuate themselves into their affections; take captive their reason, and soon startle the world by appearing on the throne as emperors, virtually absolute and hereditary.

But though there are so many, and such strong points of resemblance between these wonderful characters, it must not be supposed they are alike in all respects. There must be some differences in Napoleon which have their source in the more enlightened age of his existence.

Besides, Augustus, from the greater extent of his empire, was freed from many of the influences naturally acting upon the former. He had less occasion to exhibit his grasping spirit. Augustus confined his attention almost entirely to home affairs. He meddled but little with foreign nations. To this part of his course, the modern Augustus offers quite a contrast. For this reason, Louis Napoleon now requires our particular attention.

Not content with making the internal affairs of State his sole care, he keeps an eagle eye on all parts of the globe. He craves the office of dictator in matters little concerning himself. In a word, we see in him the lever which has been stirring all Europe, and whose influence is not unfelt in the Western Hemisphere. He is now one of the most complete embodiments of despotism, and bitter enemies of true freedom, wherever it exists.

So long as he tramples down the fickle French his willing, adoring

slaves, the noble champions of Poland, Hungary and Italy, may hang down their heads in despair, repress their burning desires, and await a better moment to strike for the cause of national freedom and religious liberty.

With reference to ourselves, when contemplating the policy and deeds of tyrants, although it may be said their lands were benefitted by their rule, let us rejoice. Let us, again and again, return thanks to "the God of battles" for teaching our fathers to desire, fight for, and win, their sons to cherish, defend and retain, our pure, unshackled freedom.

W. A. W.

ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS.

How wonderfully snail-paced was the march of the ancient, and how swallow-like the flight of the modern poets! Nor is this the only point of difference that exists between them. The former left behind them a track which time itself will never efface; whereas most of the latter like the silken winged Trochilus—a mere thing of down, driving through the air with an arrow's speed—no sooner escape from sight than they escape from recollection. They are remembered only while we are reading them.

The *Æneid* of Virgil contains somewhat less than ten thousand lines. Its immortal author spent *eleven years* in writing it. He composed less than a thousand lines a year, and yet left his poem so imperfect, in his own estimation, that a clause in his will contained an injunction that the manuscript should be destroyed.

Lord Byron's *Corsair* amounts to nearly two thousand lines; and yet the noble author composed it, *stans uno in pede*, for aught we know, in little more, perhaps, than a "little month." Twenty-four lines, more or less, to one! Oh me! a yawning difference this, between the cerebral movements in an Englishman and a Roman! Oh dear! It is true, the one is a Lord and the other was not; and who knows but a privileged order of men may be intended to form also a privileged order of poets? Yet on second thought, which you editors tell us are the best, the explanation is unsatisfactory; for Walter Scott,

who was not a Lord, could do up poetry with almost as much rapidity as Byron, who is, *De-e-light-full*!

Whence, then, shall we account for this wonderful difference in the mental richness and movements of different poets? Fellers, the answer is obvious. The huge Roman wrote for immortal renown—and he has acquired it, but to do this, that clever old gentleman, had to *poll* on his subject, fix his matter, select his thoughts, and rub his expressions with painful care. He forced nothing into his verse but the very jewels of his mind, polished and brightened to the highest lustre they were capable of receiving. The poets of Britain, on the other hand, write to please the multitude, to be fanned by the breath of popular applause, regardless, as it would seem, of the voice of posterity. To gain their object but little *polling* is requisite. They need only empty the contents of their minds promiscuously on paper, varnish over with a few smart conceits, and shiny expressions, and their work is done. Let those hunters of popularity, who are now living, bear in mind, that the acclamations of millions is as fleeting, as a tyro's feet when trying to skate, he becomes shockingly desperate, and makes a *lunge*. Such, if we mistake not, will be the fate of no inconsiderable portion of their reputations.

After a lapse of two thousand years, the writings of my friend Virgil are still in their prime—the zenith of their fame. Two thousand years hence, what will have become of the writings of Lord Byron? Echo answers, I believe, yes it is that veritable lady. Packing a quantity of MSS in her capacious pocket, answers: Thither, or Hither, one of the two.

EXCELSIOR.

THE RESURRECTION.

"O Death where is thy sting."—St. Paul.

Philosophical skeptics, have objected, first that the resurrection of the dead was a natural impossibility. By others it has been urged as a moral impossibility. A moment's attention will however satisfy us that both these objections are absurd. And first, the resurrection is not a natural or physical impossibility, for certainly he who originally produced, as admitted by the infidel, the human body from the dust of the earth, if he so proposed might easily give its reproduction the same origin. Its reproduction from the dust of the earth, in the resurrection carries with it no implication of impossibility not involved in its original production from the same source. The objection therefore proving too much, proves nothing, and of course furnishes no conclusion against our argument.

Nor is it morally impossible for God to raise the dead. Nothing is morally impossible with God, but what is inconsistent with his moral character. But in view of what data will the infidel assume it inconsistent with the moral character of God, or his purposes entering into the formation of that character, to raise the dead? Would not the man who attempts to prove this, subject himself to the imputation of mental fatuity, no less than moral lunacy?

Could it not be much more readily proved, that it is not revoltingly inconsistent with all that is known of the moral character of God, to decree the *death* of man, without the hope of revival? All reasoning therefore against the possibility of the resurrection, is to dogmatize without reason, it is sheer, naked foolishness, without any mixture or semblance of sound philosophy. The doctrine of the resurrection needs, therefore, to be no longer a disputed problem. Poets of antiquity might have lamented that sun, moon, and stars sat, but rose again—that the vegetable race died in Autumn only to revive under the vernal equinox—but that man, even the best of beings, sank in death to rise no more. But we have the inestimable assurance, that the close of life is the dawn of immortality, and death the birth day of a new and nobler existence at God's right hand. To us our revivescence from the sleep of the sepulchre—the glory of our reproduced bodies in the resurrection is not "the hope of worms," as alleged by the aspir-

ers after philosophic fame, in the schools of pagan and infidel morality, but the well accredited hope of reanimation, in immortal bodies, beyond the grave and above decay. Christianity knocks at the gate of the grave and asks back her dead. The grave is our debtor, and Heaven will coerce payment: Long, solitary and undisturbed, may be the slumber, but when the trumpet of eternity shall pour its thrilling thunder into the deaf cold ear of the sepulchre, our God created forms shall spring to life immortal and renewed to "soar and shine another and the same."

Our glorified humanity shall receive the abiding impress of the seal of Heaven and bedecked with every beauty and every splendor befitting the heir of an immortal crown, the tenant of eternal mansions, and gazer on celestial scenery, everywhere mapping to the eye, the combined magnificence of all the worlds of God.

But in describing that heavenly state, all images fail us. The grandeur of nature and the glory of art, the dreams of fancy and the creations of poetry will fade in the vision. Admiration no longer hovers over the Elysian fields of Virgil. Homer's sparkling rills of nectar streaming from the sods, was our thurst no more. The bright Blandusian fountain, and the magnificent vale of far famed Cashmere lose their splendor. We feel how utterly language sinks beneath the majesty of the subject, but let the infirmity be eloquent of its praise. We would, but we cannot tell you of the place to which we go—the home of our Father—the central abode of virtue. The august vision makes us tremble as we gaze, and the sublimest reach of human thoughts can only point, feebly point to its deep foundations and God-built rainbow coverings and sunlike splendors. The gate of entrance is death, but no it is only the crumbling of our prison walls, while the blended light of receding earth and approaching heaven is gilding the last hours of life's eventful struggle.

A LADY.

A COLLEGE REVELATION.

DEAR SIR,—Time out of mind have your pages been graced by all sorts of effusions concerning "College Life." Its social and convivial pleasures—its friendships, strong and lasting as life itself—its elevated pursuits—its noble rivalries—its poetic seclusion from the dull and real humdrum practical—its communion with the buried Past—its bright-eyed "Hope"—its heaven-scaling "aspiration," all these and kindred themes have been almost exhausted by the eloquent sons of "Old Nassau." But College Life is not yet "used up." There are still untired veins in the old mine—veins of rich ore which only wait the skilful miner to yield the pure and shining metal, and he who shall "work out" one of these new veins, will deserve well of all men—the editors and readers of "Nassau Lit." especially. We have been led into this train of remark by a letter now lying before us; an extract of which, dear Mag., we intend copying for your literary pages, so Robinsonian in their spelling. The letter was written in the full confidence of friendly correspondence with no expectation that it would ever appear in print. Its truth therefore may be relied on with entire confidence—something which cannot be said of everything written for the printer! The extract goes at once to the interior of College life, profanes its penetralia. Some may think the college Eleusinia should not be thus exposed to vulgar eyes. Not so we. The *Mūrai* have already too long kept these mysteries to themselves. They are becoming slightly musty and need ventilation. But for the epistolary extract which runneth thuswise:

"Nassau Hall, Sept."

"My dear—:"

"Well, here I am once more in these venerable college walls, goose quill (not my own!) in hand, ink pot before me and a large sized "fools cap" (not on my head!) coquetting with my pen; which which from its insensibility to the chaste charms beneath it, I take to be the *gander feather*. But the old fellow is gradually softening and will, I think, get along swimmingly pretty soon. But speaking of "fools cap" suggests "night cap"—and "thereby hangs a tale"! You will remember that last session I was about changing my room from the back to the front side of west college. I have done so; my quarters are changed. But as I now have *fore* quarters, I may as well say my *whole* is changed—yet my identity remains intact. The name of my new *whole* is "Paradise Regained;" but it has appeared

like anything else to me. Indeed, unless the Mosaic account of that first horticultural experiment is sadly defective in its details of the inhabitants which peopled that happy spot; my room has been most inappropriately christened. But let its name go: we'll call it "Paradise." On my first evening in this Eden of the West, being fatigued with travel and the toil of moving, I early sought the honey-heavy dew of slumber—nature's soft nurse, as sweet Will terms the delights of a comfortable snooze. But sleep with her down-tipped wand touched my eyes in vain. I had not been under cover long before I was conscious of a strange feeling—a sort of crawling, spidery sensation, the very opposite to the famous "*rock-feeling*," on which one of our learned professors discants so eloquently. It seemed to me that all the spiders of all the Spains were trailing their cold clammy bodies over me. A bed of snakes, or leeches, or eels would have been a couch of roses in the comparison. But it was neither tarentulas, nor snakes, nor leeches, nor eels which produced those horrible sensations. Oh! no; not one or all of these; but worse; far worse! It was the *cimices lectulani*! chinchies!! bed-bugs!!!—The long vacations had made these varminents ravenous and that night they had a glorious repast. Truly it was a feast of fat things! No it wasn't neither; for they were the leanest, lankest, slab-sidest bed-bugs in all creation—were those same feasters! I never knew before what *bug bear* meant. *I do now*. During that eventful night I discovered that there were three tribes or classes of these knights of the bloody Bath; the shrimp, the craw-fish and the full grown crab.

First there were the little prick-eyes (the color of their eyes I discovered subsequently) active as cats and playful as lambs. Their gambols up and down my spine, across my breast, around my limbs &c., can only be compared to the delightful titillation of a genuine "Florida chill." The second class, larger in size and more matured in mind, devoted themselves almost exclusively to gustatory pleasures. They seemed to have been on short allowance for a long time and evinced an insatiable determination to make up for lost time. With them it was "cut and come again." Their moral sense seemed entirely obliterated; they had no conscience whatever. In a word they were unmitigated heathens, perfect cannibals of bed bugs. The third class consisted of the patriarchs. They were venerable bed bugs, those old fathers in chinchdom, with their long gray beards, solemn gait, corpulent forms and ruddy visages! They moved about like full grown crabs, so large were they. The palate of these old fellows was

more highly cultivated than that of the others, and nothing but the most delicate morceaus of my poor body would satisfy their epicurean fastidiousness. As they took their stately walk in quest of these tit-bits, I could almost imagine that small elephants had mistaken my person for a bridge and were crossing with a peculiar and cautious tread. And as they went around 'prospecting' as Californians would express it, I could think of nothing but Gulliver when all Lilliput was exploring the new found monster, poking their pygmy spears in each particular pore of his self-covered hide to see what was at the bottom of those (to them) great sink hole ravines! Three or four of these big fellows got under each foot of my bed and commenced carrying it out of my room—I suppose to call in their neighbors to the rare treat they were enjoying. This was carrying the joke too far (as well as my bed) and I could stand it no longer. So up I jumped and at them I went.

'I fought, a brave man, long and well!

I strewed the ground with bed-bugs slain

And then upon the couch I fell, bleeding at every vein."

Oh! it was dreadful and still is. I really do not know what to do. Every hole and crevice in the room is filled with the detestible, creeping nuisances. What can be done? Do you know of any antidote—some sure, safe and easy poison? I would give a good deal to be free from the nightly incursions of the vile things.

"But then I have the consolation of knowing that I'm not alone in my misery. Misery, you know, loves company. Nearly every room in College is similarly and equally favored with my own. I have often had my attention distracted in chapel service by seeing some of these dear little curiosities of Natural History, playing leap-frog on the coat collars of my fellow students, or turning somersets round the rim of their shining felts. This would be very nice—to laugh at, if you didn't feel all the time 'mayhap the playful young cimixes are cutting up the same didoes on me! That takes the chuckle out of one wonderfully. College is indeed a lively place. O for a woman to take care of my room and brush my clothes! As the Faculty in their wisdom will not permit any females except relatives of students to enter the College buildings, I have been seriously meditating marriage, as the best defence against such an enemy. What do you think of the idea? My chief difficulty lies in the fact that I cannot decide which is the greater nuisance—the bed-bugs or a wife!"

CONFLUENCE OF THE YAZOO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS

As if, when Spring, unfolding all her flowers,
With clustering roses, decks her honied bowers ;
Of youthful Nature fond, the sunny dale,
Delight thee more, or far receding vale ;
Or many a wood and field of varied hue ;—
Come, and ascend this oak-crowned hill with me,
From care and strife, and noisy folly free ;
Or pensive still, pursue thy devious way,
Where rustling cane-brakes scarce admit the day,
Or from some moss-clad rock's projecting height,
Whence off the wild-duck takes her sudden flight ;
Look on the varying landscape, stretched beneath,
The meads rich verdure, or jessamine wreath.
The cotton,—mimic snow, the smiling glade,
Or nodding forests dreary depth of shade,
Where gloom supernal reigns, and wakes the mind,
To solemn thought, with strangest awe combined,
Where oft, in dreary night's, are dimly seen
Pale shadowy shapes, that softly glide between
The cypress trees, perhaps the ancient race,
The "Heroes of the Wood," still fondly trace
Their hunting grounds, and loiter in the grove.
Where once they sung of war, or dreamed of Love.
There, where the opening gloom invites the day,
Yazoo River, willow-crowned, with sweet delay
Steals gently on, her native wilds among,
By no Muse honored, by no poet sung ;
But dear to me, for many a fleeting hour,
And dear to all, who kneel to Nature's power.
When rising Cynthia, sheds her silver light,
And pales the star that ushers in the night,
Thoughtful, on thy green banks, Oh ! gentle stream,
Oft have I watched the glow-worm's steady gleam ;
Or musing o'er the lawn, at noon of day,
Pursued, with lingering step, the hunter's way,
Or thought, unseen amid the forest shade,
Quiet and cool, for studious leisure made :
And there when silence ruled the solemn hour
Imagination climbed, with leaps of mighty power,
And bade the airy dreams, a magic train,
Arise prophetic of their former reign.
Beneath the Magnolia, upon the green,
(For Memory oft recalls the scene :)
Where groups of flowers, in gay profusion rise,
And breathe their sweetest fragrance to the skies.
Here Indian maids, in wildly doleful lays,
At evening sung their loves in olden days,
And oft in louder strains, invoked thy name,
The cherished witness of their former fame,
The gloomy desert echoed to their song,
The hills and craggy cliffs responsive rung.
But ah ! the day shall come, when many a maid
Oppressed with love, shall seek thy silent shade,
And tell with artless tears, her love to thee,
And sigh, and wish her heart again was free :
And roving oft, thy Holley groves among,
Charmed by the sweetness of thy murmuring song,

Starting, believe that Nature feels her pain,
 And pitying, echoes back her sighs again.
 The king of floods, there Mississippi roars,
 Majestic forests frown along her shores.
 Where mid entangling brakes, the night wolf howls,
 And keen for prey, the hungry panther prowls.
 The waters kiss, and foaming flow along,
 And gurgle up a sweet and mellow song.

W. H. S.

Editor's Table.

VIRGIL ABRIDGED.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

Dido, the precious gourmand,
 Wept o'er her lover's track;
 Now set the *Dux* before me,
 And bring the *cavass* back

'Twas late at night when our readers should have been in the arms of the "sleepy god," that a full sense of our condition broke in upon us, and we gave vent to our feelings in this, which we extorted from an individual vainly attempting to conceal one threadbare idea in an Editor's complaint.

Forced from sleep and all its pleasures,
 Land of dreams we left forlorn;
 To increase our mental treasures
 On our heads we scratched till morn.

Words were just beginning to ooze from our pen to apologize for the delay of this issue of the Monthly; but upon reflection, we are not disposed to consider this due, since we cannot but infer from the scarcity of good contributions volunteered, no great solicitude for its appearance. We regret sincerely that your monthly visitant should chance to call at a period, so inauspicious as the present week; yet, we doubt not, that its perusal will profitably serve, to relax that severe tension to which the devotees of ambition are, at this time, wont to subject their mental powers. Apropos of visitants, it was but a few evenings since we had a visitation, from one who, as will appear, is a patron as well as a friend of the Monthly.

"'Twas the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving;" the evervarying hues of the Western sky had tint after tint faded away. The shades had scarce begun to deepen as they fell from the wings of the dark-robed sister of Erebus. For an hour had we been seated at the window of our sanctum, thoughts of the trafficking world were excluded, while those of other days were eddying around us and diffusing a witchery of calmness over our bubbling spirits, subduing tumultuous emotions, and giving them that tone of harmony "Which poets feign, and angels feel."

Reminiscences of early youth thronged "thick and fast" upon us. Once again did we construct with some fond playmate of our childhood, the mimic house whose stability was a fit emblem of the permanency of the air-palaces in youth's baseless visions. Once again, with buoyant heart did we romp upon the oft-frequented lawn, lazily support the green satchel, and receive the joyous welcome, or sad reproof from lips that feign would utter words of kindness. Once more did we recur to hours of bliss, when joy glistened in a

Mother's eye. "Revealing the heart had treasures it scarce knew how to keep." Once more did we hear the sad echo of a friend's farewell, and catch a glimpse of the "Grim Reaper," as he was gathering some flower that grew "between the bearded grain." The mournful and the pleasing were blending their influence to shape our thoughts, when an unbidden guest from the world of the present aroused and reminded us that we too were of its inhabitants.

There was a knock at the door of our sanctum, and from the length and huge force of the application, we were not disposed to commend the feelings with which the intruder regarded the sanctity of the apartment, and the dignified respect due to the venerable functionary—its occupant. Admittance, however, was granted, and salutations exchanged, while we were hastening to get more light upon the unwelcome subject forced upon our notice. He proved to be, as we readily inferred, from his *tout ensemble*, a countryman, and from the neighborhood of Princeton. He was evidently on business of final moment, as was manifested by a scowling countenance and an eager tone of voice. He proceeded to unpack his wares to us, by handing this reward.

We were taken considerably back by this proposal, and looked upon him with "about as favorable eyes as Gabriel did upon the Devil in Paradise."

We attempted to prove the utter impracticability of doing it, but he insisted upon it, so strongly that, to get rid of the "web-footed customer," we did, at last, promise him. The rate of advertisement was readily agreed upon, and this patron of the Monthly, now rejoiced, bowed himself out of our presence, by describing, with his Quakerish beaver and left foot, arcs of eccentric circles. We give the advertisement, hoping that every philanthrope and lover of equity will exert their utmost to secure the "*foul* offenders" that condign punishment their dark deeds so richly merit.

"I will give \$1.75cts. for information left at my house, at the four cross roads, about what has become of seventeen turkeys, ten chickens, four ducks and "*two twenty dollar shanghais*," what were stolen from the roosts on the trees in my yard, on Tuesday night of the Dec. 3d, by some students or other thieves. The above, and fore-said mentioned reward will be given to any persons, who will bring back the poultry or the thieves, or either. All which persons are forbid hereby harbouring or assisting for the heaviest penalties of the laws will be taken. The thievish students of the College are kindly requested to stop them, as well as the shanghais if offered for sale.

PERRICK PERRINE SMOKS,"

Correspondents, so soon as our editorial dignity had in a manner recovered from the severe shock sustained in this interview, we sat down to ascertain the nature of the delectable mass of communications demanding our attention, and many of which alas! were to be purified of their dross by undergoing a "fiery ordeal." We were disheartened by our hasty glance over them, and most assuredly would have laid aside official stylus, and taken up "Lucretius," had it not been for the consolation suddenly received in recalling the words, "that in all things there is some good, and some bad, in all rivers there be some fish, some frogges." But the great predominance of "frogges," in the case in point is a fact, not yet included under any theory of which we have heard or read. We do not, however, desire to "modify" any theory to include it, but contrary to the principles of the beautiful "method of induction," wish to see this alarming fact so "bent," as that it may accord with some reasonable hypothesis. The article upon which we chance first to glance a curious eye is a love ditty.

Thy voice is like the sweet toned lute,
That in by-gone days 'tis said
That echoed to the deep guitar,
That played at the casement of some lovely maid.

We fear to inflict more than one stanza. The next martyr to our Editorial whims, gives an *extremely* definite caption to his article which follows :

THE TALE OF A TAILLESS DOG.

Come gather round in close array,
And listen to my ditty,
I'll tell a tale of a tailless dog,
In famous Princeton city.

This dog was of the terrier breed,
(His master's name was —,)
And tho' he was a peerless dog,
Alas he'd lost his tail.

In Princeton too there lives a man,
By name, Timotheus Baker,
Who oft had wistful eyed this dog,
[Tim' was a sausage maker.]

Next morning in the window strung,
Fresh sausages were seen,
And hungry passers, wistfully,
Did gaze on them I ween.

One day he spied him all alone,
That dog without a tail :
Quoth Tim, " 'twould be an act humane,
Should I that dog retail."

While thus he spoke, then o'er his mind
Did come a sudden whim,
And calling an apprentice up,
He thus commanded him.

Quick ! hither bring that curtailed dog,
Bring him within the door,"
Within the door that dog was brought
That dog was seen no more.

And purchasers did throng around,
'Till the supply had failed,
Then was Tim Baker's conscience eased
The dog had been re-tailed.

MORAL.

Plagiarists, beware ! for we now tell thee,
Good old books are daily read ;
And retailed ideas, though good they may be,
Can never be better said.

We have been favored, for the first time this year, with a communication from one of the renowned and respected sisterhood. The letter accompanying the "lines" we publish.

"DEAR SIR :—I was always notor—ahem ! celebrated for my modesty, and it was only after three shocking fainting fits, that I could persuade myself to reveal my passion, oh dear, *my love* I meant, for Mr. Tom Foy, who has so nobly sung the praise of glory. The horrible agitation of my spirits is such, that I am unable at regular hours to pursue my delightful employment, walking the streets, and I am ready to affirm, it is impossible now to hear my laugh more than three squares off, my usual range being from Witherspoon street, until it rung along the picturesque groves of Jugtown. He has wrought this change—Tom Foy—the poet—the warrior—the beau ideal of my fancy, now grasping the pen with frenzied fury—now hurling the brickbat with poetic rage—now inditing sonnets to his sweet heart's eyes, now putting those of his antagonist "in mourning;" but I am overpowered with emotion, and, as Milton, or Munroe Edwards (I forget which,) pathetically observed, my hand is unhinged. I must close. My brandy—I should say—my ink-bottle is in the last stages of "the black vomit. Stick to me Tommy or I faint.

Yours, till next time,

POLLY TIX

"LINES TO MR. TOM FOY, BY MISS POLLY TIX."

'Tis said the poets' strain can throw
A wild enchantment o'er the heart ;
But my heart—my heart is smitten
With love for you, Tom Foy.
I dream of thee, when starry night
Hath spread o'er earth her spangled veil,
When crystal fount, and mountain stream,

Are silvered o'er by moonbeams pale :
 Thine eyes, blacked by some hostile fist.
 Gleam softly on me from their sockets ;
 Thy hat's up—cocked upon thy head,
 Thy hands are in thy breeches pockets,
 Thy phiz dost wear a cast serene,
 As ere hath graced mild evening's brow,
 As though this world had nought for thee
 Of care, of sadness or of sorrow.
 Do listen, Tommy, to my lay,
 Or soon you'll read my early doom ;
 Pale grows my cheek, my eyes grow dim,
 Love wastes away my fat and bloom,
 Yes carved upon my tomb you'll see,
 Since death must soon this frame destroy,
 Here lies the long forgotten Pol,
 Who died of love for " Tommy Foy."

POLLY TIX.

We have many other pieces of poetry. One commences,

Oh ! do you not admire the fine starlight

Looking for all the world like a cat's eyes at night.

Good ; here is another, but the "Word of the oracle," has like the profound essay on Adversity, in the December number of our " Mag." of 1855, been before in print. *Rogues* ! we would admonish you not to presume upon the supposed ignorance of either the editors or the college students. As well might you expect to drive back the rising storm by a single toss of the hand, as to attempt to delude the college public into the belief ; that your unfurnished heads contained an idea ;—by palming off thoughts, sentences, *pages stolen* from Addison, and Croly. How it would delight us to learn the names of these slimy individuals ?

To the gentlemen of the Princeton College Band. We, as editors can but return the sincere thanks of our classmates, our fellow students and those of the fair denizens of Princeton, for your artistic and delightful music, voluntarily performed during the interstices of our college speaking. Not only that, we are doubly indebted. Many a lonely night have we been enraptured by your Polkas &c., as alternately they sighed or swelled joyously around the rugged walls of old Nassau. For the benefit of other colleges we take this liberty of inserting your respective names, and those of the instruments upon which you perform :

Mr. W. H. Conover, leader of the band,	First Violin.
Mr. W. A. Conover,	Second Violin.
Mr. A. Peck,	First Flute.
Mr. S. A. Danforth,	Second Flute.
Mr. C. W. Walker,	Second Flute.
Mr. J. Townley,	Base Violin.
Mr. J. Hoy, Jr.	First Guitar.
Mr. F. B. Clabaugh,	Second Guitar.
Mr. E. H. Worrall,	Banjo.
Mr. J. W. Frierson,	Banjo.
Mr. C. S. Howell,	Organ

Students, the pleasures of vacation, in all their zest are before you, and immeasurably enhanced will they be, by their bold contrast with the terrors of the examination week.—'Tis said that

" Joy for its choicest tablet takes
 Some parting sorrow's shroud,

And paints its brightest, richest hues
Like Iris on a cloud."

Then will the feast of the mince pie, the grateful siesta; the glorious sleigh ride and merry dance of the Northerner, the echoing horn, the yelling hounds and wild "tally ho" of the Southerner, be heartily welcomed. Here is a specimen of Dick Dobbs, a freshman's effusion.

"Well,—last vacation, when I was at home,

I paid Miss Annabel a morning visit,

And when the nigger ope'd the door,

I heard her holler out—"Why Tom, who is it?"

But soon that portal yawned, and in I shoved,

To gaze upon the form of her I loved."

After tasting the delicacies which this Number of the Monthly affords, our guests will not relish too much editorial table-cloth. Trusting that none of you will return next session without bringing an article for the "Mag." we raise the Editorial cap and hide our blushes between a pair of cold sheets. *Morpheus I am thine.*

EDITOR.

The Nassau Literary Magazine.

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class of the College of New Jersey, every month during the term time. Each number will contain forty eight pages of original matter. Connected therewith, is a Prize of ten dollars, for the best original essay. None but subscribers are allowed to compete for this prize. The articles must have fictitious signature, with the real name enclosed in a sealed envelope. The articles are submitted to a committee selected from the Faculty, who decide on their respective merits.

No subscriptions will be received for less than one year.

All communications must be addressed (through the Post Office), post paid, to the Editors of the "Nassau Literary Magazine."

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October, HENRY P. ROSS, Pa.
November, WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, Miss.
December, J. W. A. WRIGHT, Miss.

